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SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1889.

The **Reliable.

CHAPTER VII.—RARNY'S RETURN.

One evening five weeks after the occurrences above related, the Baugh family were seated around a roarifig fire in the "living-room," The chores were all done. Not a member of the household was missing except Ranny, the yellow-haired ferry-girl, who had always made this quiet, witching time in the lonely country-home bright with her pleasing songs and never-ceasing cheerfulness. But with her absent the household seemed oppressed with gloom.

Grandmother Baugh was in her favorite corner, smoking her pipe. The 'squire, serious, sat in the opposite corner, gasing contemplatively into the leaping fiames that roared up the wide-mouthed chimney. Mrs. Baugh was paring apples near the table. The other members of the family were sitting in various attitudes at different distances from the fire. A large white and yellow cat lay on a rag rue in front of the CHAPTER VII .- RANNY'S RETURN.

the fire. A large white and yellow eat lay on a rag rug in front of the fire.

fire.

"It 's thirty-five days toe-night sense Rauny lef' us," said 'Squire Haugh. Two big tears welled up into his eyes and rolled down his furrowed cheeks. He pulled his red bandanna handkerchief from his coat-pocket and blew his nose with a blast that raug through the

house.

"Laws a massey on us a'!" said grandmother. "Pore Ranny! Nobody ever had a likelier gran'chile! An' so harnsome!"

Snoffling could be heard from the children. Mrs. Baugh laid the case-knife which she was using in the pan of apples, and taking up the corner of her apron, lifted it to her ever and nose, wiping them vigoreyes and nose, wiping them vigor

Many times thus had the family indulged in grief since Ranny's loss,

indulged in grief since Ranny's loss. Day as well as night was a time of gloom to the family.

Sturdy Bill Baugh, who sat near a window, shading his eyes from the fire-light with a book, was gazing vacantly through a blue-glass pane which, with uneven surface, distorted distant objects into fantastic shapes, making sharp peaks of mountains out of rounded outlines of hills, or digging ragged ravines mountains out of rounded outlines of hills, or digging ragged ravines and yawning chasms in flat bits of ground that lay dusky gray under the star-light outside. The boy heaved a sigh and guiped a sob. The sigh had barely, escaped his lips when his sharp hearing caught a sound that had not been heard in hance Hollow for many a day. Baugh Hollow for many a day. "Oo-wagh! Oo-wagh! oo-wa oo-wagh, wagh, wagh!"
It was the barking of a dog that

he heard. "That 's Watch's bark!" claimed Bill, springing to his feet claimed Bill, springing to his feet and listening; his startled eyes rolled round the room. With an-other spring he threw wide open the door, letting in a rush of cold, raw night air. The entire group fol-lowed Bill pellmell out on the porch. Mrs. Baugh's apples rolled in every

"Hark! can' cho!" said the 'squire in suppressed excitement, holding two of the boys to keep them quiet. "Don't make so thunderin' much noise! Hush up, Saily Ann—Sissy, do be still, can' cho! I never heerd sech a confounded racket in all my born days!" "Hish-sh-sh!" hissed Sam, hold-"Hish-sh-sh!" missed ing his hand to his ear. "Laws a massy!" whispered grandmother Baugh, grasping her for support. The soft son's arm for support. The soft tones of a distant voice, or of a

voice which if near was weak, were "Yo-lo-o-ah! yo-ho-o-ah! too-iairy, a-o-to-ho-ah!" There was a slight pause, when the song was continued. "L-1-1-1-1-1-is-o! Yo-ho, yo-ho-o

ah! yo-ho-to-ho-ah!"

The carol floated up tremulously, faint and sweet, like the wind playing upon an Eolian harp. The notes, weak and plaintive, were far, differ-

weak and plaintive, were far. different from the volume of sound which would have swept from Ranny Baugh's throat and filled the Hollow with joyous melody.

"My God!" whispered the 'squire; "thar haint no echo!" The old man's lip quivered and he cried sliently at thought of his lost darling. The neighing of a horse was heard, with quickly answering whinny from the barn below the house. The full-voiced baying of the dog followed—

"Oo-wagh! Oo-wagh! wagh, wagh!

followed—
"Oo-wagh! Oo-wagh! wagh, wagh!
"It's Ranny au' her mare au!"
Watch!" shouted the irrepressible
Bill, jumping off the porch to the
ground preparatory to a rush.
"Whur yo' goin", Bill Baugh!"
said the 'squire. "Stay righ hyur!"
The old man was fairly dazed, for he
could not believe the carol he heard
was not some disturbance of air in was not some disturbance of air in the hollow, it seemed so weird and nustural.
"Laws a massey!" said grand
"Laws a massey!" said grand

der through the 'squire's nervee; "I can hardly set, I'm so near tuckered

cas bardly set, I'm so bear tuckered out!"

The 'equire lifted jbe girl tenderly and carefully from her horse and earried her to the boat. Seating himself on a thwart near the bow, he held her in his lap, his strong arms encireling her emaciated body. He kissed her forehead and pale cheeks. He bunglingly fondled her as if she had been a sick child. "Fore gal, pore gal!" he said. .. "What is it, ever, Rauny—what 's the matter wi' my nore gal, that makes het so weak an' thin? Pore gal! Pore, pore gal!"

"After a bit, pap!" she said faintly; she laid her head against his breast and closed her eyes. He thought for an instant that she was dead. He gasped under his breath, "My God!" But he soon felt a slight movement. "Gimme yo'r coat, Bill Baugh, toe putt over Ranny's shoulders."

There was a painful silence dur-

There was a painful silence during the passage across the river, all looking at Ranny, lying pallid in the starlight. When the boat had reached midstream the girl drew her father's head down to hers and "Whur 's Wattle, pap?

Whisper it to me!"
The old man gulped a sob of distress and fright. But he whispered to her, "He 's in jail, Ranny! Please God I'll do all I kin to git the indictment quashed an' him free oncet more—fer your sake! See the all of the limit of the sile."

Once more on the home side of the river, Sam and Jake made a seat by clasping each other's wrists crosswise. On this the 'squire placed his child, and the loving brothers, with their sister's arms clasped tightly round their strong necks, carried her quickly and easily up the slope to the house.

her quickly and easily up the slope to the house.

For three weeks, Ranny, having taken a reispee, lay hovering between life and death. But by Christmas time, some of the lost roses had returned to her cheeks, and she began to think of resuming her round of simple household duties.

CHAPTER VIII .- THE MYSTERY OF THE MURDER.

The night of December 23d was cold, and still save when the house cold, and still save when the house cracked, or the crunching of ice floating on the river resounded through the little vale. Once when the 'squire opened the door and went on the porch to look for weather-signs a distant halloo, and the barking of dogs far away, broke in on the quietness of the winter in on the quietness of the winter night. "A col' night fer 'coon huntin'," muttered the 'squire, as he went back to the cheerful room. It was nearly bed-time A roar-ing fire of hickory wood filled the room with warmth. A basket of large, yellow, luscious apples was on the table. A tin pan, full of shell-bark hickorynuts, cracked, their yellowish brown kernels glistening appetizingly in the fire-light, was on a convenient stand. A gal-ion jug of cider, the beverage some-what hard and sharp but pleasant to taste, was on the corner of the table. Some hulled butternuts, uncracked, were in a small tin-bucket between the youngest two boys, who, armed with hammers and flat-irons, claimdirection as she jumped up, the tinpan making a thundering noise as it
struck the floor. The cat pursued a
yellow russet that rolled under the
corner cupboard.

"Hark! can' cho!" said the 'squire
in suppressed excitement, holding
two of the boys to keep them quiet.
"Don't make so thunderin' much is aid.

with hammers and flat-irons, claimed these scarcer nuts as their particular portion of the ante-bedtime
tunch. The 'squire himself had just
eaten a bowl of sweetened bonnyclabber. A thought struck him.

Wiping his beard, he looked significantly at Bill.

"Bill, spell bonny-clabber," he

Promptly the lad answered:
B-a-u-g-h, baugh, u-a-u-g-h, naugh,
c-l-a-u-g-h, claugh, b-e-r, ber, bonuy-clabber." His eyes sparkled at
having "downed" to tenuardene naving "downed" so tremendous a

"K'reck; yo'll go toe cawngress The fire snapped and roared. Two large apples, roasting on the hearth for granny's lunch, sizzled and sput-

The 'squire, looking at his daughter, said, "Haint yo' got well enough Rauny, toe tell us bout what yo' Ranny, toe tell us 'bout whur yo'
wus gone so long an' wus so sick?"
He took one of the largest belieflower apples from the basket, and
began deliberately to pare off the
rind with his long-bladed, hornhandled pocket-knife, "We 'd all
like toe know what tuk yo' away so suddent an' unbeknownst toe us an' kep' yo' away so long." He laid a long paring, doubled, on his knee, and cut a good-sized slice out of the apple, holding the slice, on the end of the knife-blade, near his mouth, hile awaiting the reply.

Ranny was sitting near her mother, assisting the latter in her work. She did not look up; a flush spread over her face and throat. "Do you forgive Wattie, pap?" she said, in a haif-pleading tone. "Ya-as, I reck'n so," said th "Ya-as, I reck'n so," said the squire, slipping the slice of the apple into his capacious mouth and

ple into his capacious mouth and munching it slowly, his eyes fixed on the fire.
"You didn't make out no papers to put Wattie in jall like that man wanted you to, did you,pap?" asked Ranny, her color increasing.

Ranny, her color increasing.

"No, in course I didn". Had no authority toe do it; cawnsequenshully couldn' do it, See the p'int?" He cut off and slipped another slice of apple in his mouth, with a satisfactory air of having done a gracious thing in his daughter's behalf lighting up his face. He pushed the knife through the apple again, jabbed the blade into another slice and held the slice to his mouth. The thought arising that possibly he had

"You've acted the fool, Tom,' says she.
"You can't prove it,' says he.
"Yes I can,' says she; 'listen: Mort Makepeace comes to town with a lot of cattle; he sells them at a good price, and has his pockets full of yellow boys; he gets acquaint ed with Tom Gaston; Tom gets the farmer on a spree; the farmer talks like all drunken men—no end to his tongue; he tells all about himself, his large farm, his brother, his housekeeper; tells that his housekeeper; tells that his housekeeper; tells that his housekeeper; tells that his housekeeper, Sairy Thompson, is his wife, though nobody knows it; he carries his marriage contract in his pocket, and also his will giving everything he owns to his wife after his death; his brother Sanny and he have always been fussing over a division of the farm; he always told his brother he dot married.'
"You've got it right, Gene,' says the man.
"Now for our plot,' says the had

"'You've got it right, Gene,' says the man.
"'Now for our plot,' says the bad woman. 'We fixed it up at the old stone tavern on the river bank near Vincennes, where you had won nearly all the man's money, after getting his history. The plot was to come home with him and have a big jamborse at his farm-house; to play a big joke on the housekneper, who he said he liked to tease, by him and me getting married. He was to think the marriage to be a mock marriage, but you and me to make it the real thing.'
"'Yes,' says he, 'the idiot fell into

make it the real thing."

"'Yes,' says he, 'the idiot fell into the trap at once, and was so tickled over the idea of the jamboree and the mock marriage, that he could hardly wait for the time to come, and the joke he was to play on his wife, and drove on home ahead of us so that he could send out his men to invite the men and women of the neighborhood to the wedding; wby, I thought he 'd die laughing at the hugeness of the joke that was to be played on his wife, his brother and his neighbors."

"'The plot was a good one,' says she, 'but I'm afraid you've spolit it all by shooting him. For after stealing the old spoony's papers out of his pocket and hiding them in the hole in the wall back of the wash-house at the stone-tavern, coming

house at the stone-tavern, coming down here to our victim's house going through with the marriage ceremony, and having the jamboree, what was easier and better than to fill him with whiskey, put a spider in his dumpling and thus get him out of the way, then go back and get the papers,—the marriage contract and the will—and—'

"Go right off now and make a bonfire of them,' says he, breakin' in' laughin' low like an' chucklin' to himself, 'and—veto, presto, change—you, Gene Gaston are his widow, Mrs. Gene Makepeace, ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Makepeace, he! he! he! appoints Tom Gaston administrator of the esta'e, the administrator sells the farm and stock, he! he! he! the farm and stock, ho! ho! ho! Result, shekels a plenty for us, by St. Christopher! Then we skip, vamose the ranch, shedaddis! We bunt up a safe spot way off and enjoy our money! Ha! ha! ha!' "Better wait to laugh, Tom Gastou,' says she, firin' up again; haint got there yet!

all the rest of the plan 's ready for selling out the place, haint it?' says he, snappin' his fingers an' chuck-

iin'.

"'Shooting was n't on the programme, Tom,' says the woman, 'and I'm afraid we 're going to get into trouble about that very thing. You 'd no business to sheot when a better way to fix him had been planned.'

"'The plan was good, but the chance to get rid of him,' says he, 'and to put it on to somebody else was too good to be lost, Gene. There was young Thompson, enraged at Makepeace for getting married and leaving his mother out in the cold and him without a name—there he was, pointing his gun at Make-

"Then why didn't you let Thompson do the shooting, Tom Gaston?'
says she, 's mad as a bornet.
''Because I could see that his
heart failed him. He didn't have

heart failed him. He didn't have his gun cocked, says he.

"'You done wrong, Tom Gaston,' says she, 'you got jealous, and you 've spoiled the game.'

"No, I haint,' says he. Then he tol' how" continued Ranny, "as soon as ever he shot his pistol, he putt it in his pocket quick, an' sprung to the door of the estin'-room an' hollered out, 'Hyur he is, men—hyur's the murderer'—to putt the shootin' he 'd done onto Wattie; then he tol' how Wattie was took by a dozen men an' didn't make no fight, thinkin' he'd done the shootin' he was that excited, when it was the man Gaston that done it.

"Have you got the pistol, Tom?' says the woman, still 's mad 's fire.

"Yes,' says he, 'here it is.'

"Then drop it in the river—quiet like,' says she, 'for there may be somebody looking at us from the house.'

"'I'll do it,' says he.
"'And go and draw the load out
of Thompson's gus,' says she.
"'I done that an hour or two ago,'

NO. 47

"Sairy Ann, run up toe Ranny's room an' fetch her knet wool jacket," said Ranny; "that thar's a good girl. The papers is in the pocket o' my jacket."

"Mother," said the 'squire, "git my gol' specks, won' cho, I want toe read them thar papers. Boys, yo' better be awf toe bed now; I 'll wan' choo up by four o'clock in the mornin'. An' yo' 'd better go too, Ranny; yo' look pufty near tucker-ed out."

red out."

The 'squire was busy until midnight studying the documents which
his daughter had found. When he
had finished he laid his spectacles
down, rubbed his eyes with his
bandanua handkerchief, and gazed
in the fire for many minutes. Then
suddenly he began to laugh and slap
his thigh. He rose and sat down
several times, and appeared to have
stumbled on a thought that made
him happy. him happy.

"I kin do it all toe morror," he soliloquized; "an' then toe-morrer night—wout thar be a gran' supprise fer 'em over toe the widder's!"

To be continued.

RAILBOAD PASSENGER RATES.

There may be some logical and sufficient reason why railroad passenger rates should be maintained at the standard which has long prevailed, when freight rates have been materially lessened and are continually tending downward; but if so, it has not yet been presented. In the last six years, the cost of transporting freight has fallen 25 per cent, but the cost of traveling has not been diminished in any such degree. If grain and merchandise can be carried so much cheaper than formerly, ried so much cheaper than formerly, why should not the charges for carrying passengers be decreased in proportion? It is well known that the expenses of operating a railroad are much smaller than they were twenty, ten, or even five years ago. This justifies a reduction not merely in one branch, but in all branches of the service that is the service that is rendered to and paid for by the public. It is no answer to say that passenger coaches are more expensive than freight cars, and the people demand com-forts and conveniences of trial which can only be provided by exacting

the rates now in force. The fact is that the difference in that respect is nothing like the difference in the elative prices for the transportation of freight and of passengers.
It is not to be doubted that a reduction of passenger rates would largely increase the volume of travel. That is demonstrated whenever such an inducement is temporarily offered. The care are always crowded when traveling can be done at less than the regular prices. Since 1883 the freight mileage has grown 75 per cent, whereas the passenger mileage has grown only 37 per cent. Does not this prove that reduced charges tend to increase the amount of business, and thus to favor the people without harming the railroads? That is the view of Judge Cooley, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who has given the matter close and thorough study. The present rates are much too high, in his opinion and he intimates that unless the railroads soon voluntarily lower them, they will be reduced in an arbitrary way to appear level. It is not desired, of course, that the railroads shall be compelled to carry passengers at a loss; but, on the other hand, it is desired that they an inducement is temporarily offer-

railroads shall be compelled to carry passengers at a loss; but, on the other hand, it is desired that they shall be content with a just and fair profit. If they find it possible to do their freight business according to a constantly decreasing scale of prices, it is manifestly reasonable to prices, it is manifestly reasonable to believe that they can apply the same rule to their passenger business with equal safety and satisfaction. They do not give any good reason why such a concession should be refused; and in the absence of any conclusive argument against it, the public is bound to believe that it ought to be granted.—Globe-Democrat.

ELEPHANTS PILING TIMBER.

A Philadelphian, traveling around

somebody looking at us from the house."
"'I'll do it,' says he.
"'I'd one that an hour or two ago,' says he.
"Then I heerd something go kerpiunck in the water 'longside of the skift, an' some water splashed up in my face. Jim Golden's minner-dip was in the bottom of the skift, an' 1 took it an' fiched up the pistol the minute they left the summer-house which they done purty soon, fer the stone-tavern to gif the papers an' burn 'em up. Hyur's the pistol; that thar's what killed Mort Makepeake an' not Wattle's riful. Wattle never done it—he couldn't."

The girl pause in the rapid recital of her story. The youngest girl was holding tightly to her mother's arm. The 'squire held his half-eaten apple in his left hand, with a slice of the apple on the knife-blads. Grand-mother Baugh held ber pipe in her hand, with horror depicted on her yellow, wrinkled face. The pistol was passed from hand to hand and examined with much minuteness. The 'squire took it, and said at once:
"That thar's an orful big-holed barr'; the bullet it carries 's twicet' is big 's what Watf's riful shoots. Cawns' quenshully—the p'intis—"'
He becanne lost in, thought and did not complete his sentence. He began to plan some way to get Watt released from jall and cleared of the suspleion under which he skill lay. Not wishing to arouse faise bope in his desired relief, he said, after a pause.

"An' why in thunder didn' cho go up to Mort's at oncet an' tall in proper in her wishing to arouse faise bope in his desired relief, he said, after a pause.

"A n' why in thunder didn' cho go up to Mort's at oncet an' tall in proper in her wishing to arouse faise bope in his daughter's breast by premasterely promising that he could accomplish the desired relief, he said, after a pause.

"A n' why in thunder didn' cho go up to Mort's at oncet an' tall in proper in the number pause and the sumbling down the timber he had bur to the could be made to couple it. When pulling down the timber he had bur to Mort's at oncet an' tall in the proper and the trained elephant was not some distortunce of at it in the bollow. It seemed to werd not come of the bollow is seemed to werd an extracting the special control of the water foreignified the make place of the special control of the water foreignified the make place of the water foreignified the property in the

'em 'fore he did, 's they 'd be proof o' Wattie's standin'. Then how did I know 't I wus goin' to be tuk that desp'rit sick an' couldn' git home fer five weeks! I wus sick in that stone-tavern the man to!' about, an' heard him an' the woman swearin' cause they couldn' dine the papers, when I hed 'em hid un'er my piller, for they seen they couldn' do nothin' without them!" The girl paused. She had stopped crying and her face was flushed. "When them two got done talkin' in the summer-house that night, an' went away, I rowed home 's fast 's ever I could, saddled the sorr'! mare, an' rode tell daylight lippiticut toe git toe the tavern 'fore the man did. I wus calc'intin' toe come back the same day an' tell what I hed heard an' git Wattie ci'ar. But I wus too siek."

"Have yo' got the papers, Ranny's "Have yo' got the papers, Ranny's "saked the 'squire, finishing his apple and taking a drink of cider.

"Sairy Ann, run up toe Ranny's THE PARTY IS UNAFFECTED.

THE PARTY IS UNAFPECTED. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Republican party, as a National organization, is not in any degree concerned by the elections. Neither the administration nor the Neither the administration nor the party leaders of the country are responsible for the defeat, nor could they have assumed any credit for the result if it had been more favorable to the local organization in the two states in which a reverse has been suffered. The election was not a pishiscitum, in which the views of the people upon the principles or policy of the party in power should be formulated at the ballot-hox. An opportunity for an expression of be formulated at the ballot-box. An opportunity for an expression of that sort always comes in the middle of a presidential term, when the congress is chosen which succeeds the one which comes in with the president, but it never occurs, and obviously never can occur, in the year immediately following the presidential campaign, when only a smaller number of states vote, when national issues are absent from the canvass, and when less than a year of the presidential term has passed. There will be a chance of this kind next year, at the general election for next year, at the general election for members of the house of representatives, but there was none this year, and none was thought of or looked for. Whether the elections next year are favorable or unfavorable for the Republicans the result will be determined chiefly by the use which the party makes of its power after the congress meets, which assem-bles three weeks from to-day.

NOTE THE PROBIBITIONIST IN

Burlington Hawkeye.

The third party prohibitionists who never loose a chance to cripple the Republican party, saw their opportunity, and without wasting their amunition on a third party candidate, they quietly gave the Democratic license candidate their support. The amazing inconsistency of this act has been repeated so often that it has ceased to excite any surprise. It is one of those unacsurprise. It is one of those unac-countable freaks of human nature which psychologists can not ex-plain. Democrats and Republicans who honestly believe in the license system felt that this was a time to strike a hard blow for their theory. The out and out liquor men, whe were not very particular what system the state adopted, so that they may be allowed to ply their traffic, bent the full force of their energies to secure the success of the Democratic ticket. Thus the party had the solid vote of the salcons. We all know what that means. stem felt that this was

One of the curious features of the present craze among women to have their young sens resemble in out-ward appearance the good "Little Lord Fauntieroy, is their determin-ation to make the poor child have ation to make the poor child have blonde hair. It is true, remarks the New York Times, that nearly fifty per cent. of the little ones have this per cent. of the little ones have this attractive personal characteristic, but the propertion of them who wear long hair is very small. A fashiouable hairdresser informed a Times reporter that he had recently received quite an impetus to his business by fashionable women taking their children to him to have their hair bleached. "These indies are very particular, too," said he; "they stand over the chair at each dressing and see that we make no mistake in and see that we make no mistake in and see that we make no wistake in the shade. We have prepared, in consequence, a card on which are samples of the various tints we can obtain in the bleaching process. It costs from \$35 to \$40 to have the hair colored to the desired shade. The process is very simple."

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CUSTOM. A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce says that the custom of preserving coffin-pates instead of burying them with the dead has long prevailed in parts of New England. He says: "I once stop; ed for dinter at a farm house and inn in a village in Western Connecticut. We walted awhile in the little parior, which was filled with little parlor, which was filled with the family treasurers, in the way of curious and pretty things on shelves and pictures on the walls. Among the latter, framed separately under glass and banging in different parts of the room, were three pisin silver coffin-piates, engraved in the usual way with names, ages, and date of death of members of the family. This was the first instance in my experience of this custom, which I learn, was common in the neighborhood. Afterward I met with the same custom in various parts of